



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

MYSTICISM AND ART.

ONE of the most significant facts in the problem of modern life, and the most difficult to handle, is the many-sidedness of Western civilization. Every view of art, every commercial enterprise receives all the emphasis that the passion and individualism of genius can give. Each of the innumerable and brilliant facets of life acquires a prominence and makes a demand often compatible only with the oblivion of all the rest. In particular, it is a world where art most readily appears as a gilded or somber fantasy without reality and truth; and science no more than the separation of the mind from an external nature—a sense of mastery, without recognition of the alienation which is its price. But the moral nature of man appears to have suffered as deeply as any part of him, and become barren, alike because of overemphasis and because of isolation. Science, in spite of the enthusiasm and genius that have been poured into it, has not known the sphere where it could really serve a true social idealism; while minds of high ethical passion are too completely represented by Tolstoy who had to misinterpret his own experience and empty life of some of its greatest treasures before he could see it according to the light of his keen but narrow vision.

But many-sidedness need not be weakness. Is there any principle by which an epoch like ours can reap the fruit of its labor in science, philosophy and art and make them serve for wholeness and strength without losing the

value of their individuality and intensive development? It seems possible that there is, and this possibility we shall meantime discuss from the point of view of art.

It may seem strange that a generation esteeming itself enlightened through the achievement and the discipline of scientific thinking, and disillusioned through its disastrous encounter with an insulted and apparently revengeful universe, should seek refuge in mystical modes of thinking. But whether or not the mystical inclinations of to-day have borne any real fruit, it is just through the bitter experiences of knowledge and enlightenment and disillusionment that sometimes in the past men have transformed these self-same things and set them upon a higher plane. Our hope must be that they should do so again. For as on the plane of practical activity, they find the results of their science terribly disappointing, being deprived of the convenience and order of their economic systems at the very points where they had expected to gain most by them; so in the sphere of purely scientific or philosophic thinking there is a parallel dissatisfaction, a discovery that thought is deprived of the satisfaction that seems due to it—a profound and intimate contact with the world whose nature it had set out to learn, and whose problems it had determined to solve. This disappointment is, of course, old as the history of thinking humanity. But it is none the less acutely felt in an age where reflection is keen and critical as ever and pursued with more help from the accumulated results of past experience.

To start from the point of view of the thinking instinct itself, what are the remedies that thought proposes or seems inclined to adopt to free itself from the tyranny of its own criticism? In the first place, there is the instinct to forego thought altogether, to give up, to find refuge in some non-intellectual form of experience. And this movement gains the assent of thought itself. For it lies very deep in

human nature, and is not by any means symptomatic of shallowness or poverty of life, to declare that thinking is in vain, at once painful and fruitless—and that there are other things in life, love and pleasure, that if they be not better than thinking in so far as they seem to be as barren of ultimate fruit, have yet a kind of transitory profitability in them, and being good while they last, have all the goodness that is anywhere available. Now there are numberless ways in which this reaction of thought from itself may take place, and the reflective judgments that are made about it are correspondingly innumerable.

But one of the most interesting modes of reaction of the mind against itself is that from thinking to the enjoyment of beauty in art. It is perhaps so interesting because of the conviction that things of beauty differ *toto coelo* from the process and results of thinking and are, to the extent of the difference, so far further along the road to lasting joy. Music, in particular, to so many severely scientific thinkers, seems to offer such a refuge from thought—from its demands and from its dispeace. Experience is, however, unable to maintain itself at this degree of tension. It has been found, for example, impossible in practice for the thinker altogether to stop thinking. And in those lapses back into thought, he is conscious of new discoveries. One of the most startling of these is that art even in a form so remote from reflection as music seems to contain, not indeed, thought, but something that is recognizable and thinkable only as a strange transformation and transfiguration of thought. But whatever insurmountable difficulties the mind may encounter in its attempt to give this mystery a name, it comes without hesitation to the conviction that it could not have come there without thought.

Sometimes the result of this discovery is to make the intellect start out afresh. It takes a new notion of itself. But it may equally well be that artistic experience of how-

ever high an order pays what appears to be the inevitable penalty attaching to any part of life whenever it is lived in isolation—dissatisfaction with itself. It may be questioned whether the genuine artist ever feels the parallel dissatisfaction in his work that the thinker does in his. And yet, consider how the very greatest artists seem to have been under some kind of necessity of passing out of their own proper sphere of art—like Michelangelo—and finding some other means of utterance, as in poetry. Michelangelo's case is indeed one of extraordinary significance. For here the real interest lies not in the mere fact of his versatility, but in the inner dialectic of his mind which leads him in some sense to renounce one medium of expression after another. Especially significant are those renunciations of graphic and plastic art which are the burden of some of the later sonnets, and of the most passionate of these. It is clear that in such, poetry scarcely appears to him under the aspect of art. In his prayer for "the hatred of lovely things," or in his complaint that "neither painting nor sculpture can any more give rest to the soul that turns to the Divine love," he does not know, or he forgets, that this renunciation of art bears both the form and the spirit of artistic beauty. Even Rodin, reviewing his own work in the light of his master's, forgets this too. "He was satisfied with art no longer. What he wanted was the infinite." But why then did he return to another form of finite artistic expression? Perhaps, however, the significance of Rodin's criticism lies in its being a movement of pure reflection, the sculptor's critical reflection about his own art, the final stage of a dialectic that begins in art and ends in thought. If this were so, it would follow that the mind would be driven back upon thinking for its full satisfaction even after the intensely emotional experience of beauty.

But, for all that, the radical defect of thought would

remain; and yet, because of its richer experience, the mind will think in a new way, and with new views of its own thinking-process and of the results of its thought. The paradox within which it will find itself moving will be something like this. Thought is forever inadequate to achieve the perfect comprehension and the deep and intimate penetration that it desires of the world which it sets out to know. The mind's very act of bringing precision into its aim shows it at once that this aim demands the clear recognition of the distinction between mind and the world which it knows and the need forever to maintain this distinction if thought is not to deny itself, render futile its own movement and stultify its own effort; while yet the very ground of its aim is the aspiration to rise above the distinction. The driving power of the mind is at variance with its method of procedure. The will to know is in contradiction with itself.

However we are to formulate the solution of this antinomy, there is actually an experience by which in some sense it is achieved. The point is reached where thought can no longer take refuge from its own dissatisfaction with itself by passing outside itself, as, for example, into art. It is now compelled not so much to relinquish itself as to transform itself while yet maintaining itself. This is the experience of mysticism.

The distinction, then, from the point of view of the thinking-process, between mysticism and such other forms of intuitive experience as we have typified, say, in music is quite clear. As opposed to the movement by which thought abandons itself and compels the mind to fly for refuge to the emotional and to the sensuous, mysticism is the demand which thought makes upon itself to reconcile its aim with its method, and heal the wound which the falling apart of the two is forever inflicting upon the mind.

In adopting this mode of statement I find myself at

issue with certain views of mysticism, such as Mr. Russell's in *Mysticism and Logic* which, though they give it the fullest sympathy, yet regard it as something external, and in a sense, alien to scientific reflection; and which must therefore be brought into harmony with it. But if mysticism comes to birth within the thinking-process itself, and is not something added to it from some other source, its contrast with science as in some way antagonistic is like the unreal contrast of genius to the patient and laborious work out of which its swift illumination arises, and which is, after all, the only soil that it can spring from. In all kinds of intellectual work, there is no doubt a certain strange transition from the merely laborious and painstaking to the brilliant and creative. It shows itself equally in science, art and philosophy—probably in far wider fields than these—but in these for certain. In philosophy it shows itself in the transition from scientific reflection to mysticism. But in thus placing mysticism in the sphere of genius, it does not mean that we are not free to recognize philosophical genius that is not mystical. For there are types of scientific and philosophical thinkers of the very highest order who have little or no mystical tendency. So that philosophy at its best would really provide us with two distinct, and possibly divergent, lines of development. On the other hand, starting from the idea that the mystical tendency is a true development of scientific or reflective thinking, we should hesitate to identify it with intuitive forms of experience like poetry and art, or at all events reject as untrue or insufficient an explanation which merely explained it through these as forms of intuition in general. Mystical thinking, in fact, stands out in strong contrast with art.

There is a difficulty of the same kind in a quite different order of experience from that of knowledge. It is very easy to accuse our own age—the epoch of the war—of

destitution in art and of indifference to beauty. It is another thing to gauge the truth of the charge. But however it may be, there is something in our present surroundings, in the economic and material conditions of modern life that makes us peculiarly alive to this difficulty—that while we most earnestly desire the presence of beauty, or the existence of arts that could profoundly interpret the character of the times through which we have been passing, there is no way by which beauty can directly be willed or by which art can immediately be produced, however great the desire. If we enlarge our point of view a little, and, instead of restricting it to what we suppose comes under the narrow categories of beauty or of art, consider the wider range of human experience that is represented in the old Greek view of τὸ καλόν, the nature of the paradox will become clearer. Τὸ καλόν, or what is noble, will include the moral life of man on its esthetic side. It is not merely pictures or poetry that can be beautiful in this sense, but character and action. Now it is plain at once that nobility of character, or even of particular actions, cannot be directly willed. The discipline that may produce it can, but not the aspect of beauty that belongs to it. Of this kind of beauty or nobility it is even necessary that it should not enter into consciousness at all, otherwise it defeats its own end. Or, if it ever does appear as an end of action, it must be completely lost to view in the action itself and in the motives to action. And yet the moral life would lose something, or would be wanting in an essential element, unless it could ultimately be contemplated in this way. It must always be possible in the end to view self-sacrifice as a fair or noble thing.

In this kind of experience, then, we find the same, or a parallel, difficulty of reconciling two essential moments without which the whole experience is not complete. There is the discipline which excludes consciousness of moral

beauty in action, and there is the recognition of this beauty as an essential factor in moral experience.

And now let us approach the narrower problem of art.

Beauty—and I mean, in particular, sensuous beauty—is one of the things that like truth and goodness is valued for itself alone, and not for something else that it will bring or that it will help us to achieve. But there is this profound contrast, that while the latter can be sought for their own sake, beauty in art is not a thing that can be had for the seeking, and it is even possible that the seeking hinders the finding. So at all events has been the conclusion reached by some of the ablest thinkers about art. Guyau in France, for example, and Ruskin in England held that great art could only be produced under the influence of some religious or ethical motive; and that what really mattered was the intensity and sincerity of that motive, and not the desire to do artistic work for its own sake, or to make the discovery or the production of beauty the principal aim in life. Ruskin elaborated this doctrine with great earnestness and with a consistency of thought that seems to escape those of his readers who take him to be merely a brilliant writer, or who imagine that all he has to give is given as it were intuitively and without logical coherence. On the contrary, he scarcely ever deviates from this view; and however much antagonism he may arouse by the particular means he uses to illustrate it, there can be no doubt about his main conviction. The clearest expression of the principle is perhaps that in *The Oxford Lectures*. “The entire vitality of art depends upon its being either full of truth, or full of use; and that however pleasant, wonderful or impressive it may be in itself, it must yet be of inferior kind, and tend to deeper inferiority, unless it has clearly one of these main objects—either *to state a true thing*, or *to adorn a serviceable one*. It must never exist alone—never for itself; it exists rightly only

when it is the means of knowledge, or the grace of the agency for life." And again this, of great expressive power, is perhaps more characteristic. "I saw more and more clearly that all enduring success in the arts, or in any other occupation, had come from the ruling of lower purposes, not by a conviction of their nothingness, but by a solemn faith in the advancing power of human nature, or in the promise, however dimly apprehended, that the mortal part of it would one day be swallowed up in immortality; and that, indeed, the arts themselves had never reached any vital strength or honor but in the effort to proclaim this immortality, and in the service of great and just religion, or of some unselfish patriotism, and law of such national life as must be the foundation of religion."

And though we may not agree with much that has been written in the same strain about art by these and other writers, there are none of us who deeply care for artistic beauty or who have thought problems about art in relation to life worth real consideration, who have not also been beset with the same trouble. What we have felt so often is that the artistic mood, the power to find sincere and noble expression, in words or any other medium, is wholly dependent upon the presence and effectiveness of emotions that can only come through some long, severe discipline—the discipline of life and that life imposes in paths divergent, and in regions distant, from the practice of the arts. We need not narrow down the range of such emotions to the religious and the ethical. Their range goes beyond religion and the moral consciousness, and extends from the sense of humor in simple, homely things right up to the supreme experiences of life, love and death. But the difficulty in handling these emotions lies not only in the fact that they cannot be called into being for the sake of artistic work—they must be there already—but that the conscious

intention to use them for that purpose may vitiate them or nullify them in the very aim.

Take, for example, sincerity, and all the possible emotions that this may involve in art, or that its absence may quench or distort. It has been often remarked in discussing the main problem of painting that what we are concerned to get is not truth but sincerity; that is to say, the painter is bound down not to a realistic representation of things, but simply not to feign what he does not really see, feel or believe. But clearly there is a difficulty here. You cannot be sincere unless there is something to be sincere about, or in other words, sincerity is not an emotion that in painting, or in any form of art, can be conjured into being where there is nothing that naturally calls it into play. And to try to get sincerity just for the sake of the artistic impression it is going to produce, seems to be an impossible task. Either you will get nothing at all, or something that is, in the very nature of the case, insincere.

From this point of view, then, Guyau and Ruskin are quite right. The essential of vital artistic expression seems to lie in an emotional tension, a tension that is produced by the love of something that is counted far better than the work of art itself. The true artist therefore is the man who can lay open to himself whole ranges of experience without conscious design to reap the fruit of that experience in beauty. And the further he can go in this disinterested absorption, admiration, reverence or love, the deeper will be the scope and vision of his artistic power. And when the time of expression does come, it comes with such fulness because of the concentration upon the objects of love, and not because the beauty of language or the harmony of sound or color is the aim or purpose of the artist. The more completely these can drop out of sight the higher the degree of success. They would, in fact, merely serve to dissipate his true esthetic attention. And

this is what we mean when we say that beauty cannot be directly willed.

One illustration of this principle is that the artist is sometimes so strangely one-sided—so splendidly one-sided, we might say, in some cases: where the moral aim, or the exposition of some intellectual conviction, or the expression of some narrow, but intense, patriotism is pursued at the expense, or in defiance, of everything else. English prose literature with its high degree of emotion and disregard of logic would be rich in examples of this kind. Milton is typical, but Newman is more remarkable, because the white heat of his emotion is so marvelously veiled in logical form. There is no more human document than the *Apology*, but it is not the humanity that is able “to see life steadily and see it whole.” The view of religious truth which it sustains, while elaborated with as much sincerity as passion, would narrow down its evidence to such a vanishing point that none could see it save the writer himself.

But the great instance of the passionate conviction, of the unconscious, and therefore perfectly self-secure, one-sidedness which can sometimes be the soul of art, is that of Tolstoy. “In spite of his colossal artistic talent,” Dostoyevsky wrote of him, “Tolstoy is one of those Russian minds which only see that which is right before their eyes, and thus press toward that point. They have not the power of turning their neck to the right or to the left to see what lies on one side; to do this, they would have to turn with their whole bodies. If they do turn, they will quite probably maintain the exact opposite of what they have been hitherto professing; for they are rigidly honest.” Dostoyevsky would have been nearer the truth had he said that it was to these things, intensity of vision, together with the limitation of its field, narrowness of aim and rigid honesty that Tolstoy owed that colossal artistic talent of

his. He is the archetype of those masters of expression whose intensity of conviction serves them for lack of wholeness of vision. The degree of emotional tension within which alone we suppose art can come to birth would indeed, in such cases, have been impossible without this limitation; or at least, had the limitation been removed, that tension might have been greatly lessened, and they would have been artists of the second rank only. But in any case, the key to the nature of their art is conviction and sincerity, and the condition of its emotional fulness that their attention was directed anywhere rather than upon themselves or the esthetic character of their work. Or again, consider that craving for experience that is sometimes taken to be so essential to the artist. What yields the genuine result is not the intention to see life and reflect it in some expressive medium. It is rather the bitter fruit of experience, that unwilling by the artist, becomes the most perfect achievement of his work. The reality of penitence, for example, to what poignant music has it not given birth? And yet it is not a possible course of action for any man to go out in search of penitential utterance for its own sake.

But all artists are not like Tolstoy. There are some who like Sophocles are able "to see life steadily and see it whole," and there are others who, without losing their power or function as artists, know that they have this sincerity and wholeness of vision, and into whose work there enters the purpose to maintain it. They are not men of partisan mind, not patriots, not enthusiasts, not like Tolstoy or Milton "unable to discern where their own ambition modified their utterances of the moral law; or their own agony mingled with their anger at its violation." They are men to whom no human interest is alien, no human sympathy unknown, and to whom no kind of experience is inaccessible. Yet all that interest and all that

experience they have, or are capable of having, as artists. This is the remarkable thing. How shall we explain this impartiality of knowledge and scope of vision as belonging to the unconsciousness of art and having the power of unreflecting passion?

The most perfect lyrical utterance differs from the comprehensive vision of the dramatic poet just in this that its self-absorption admits of no awareness of the experience of other souls; whereas the self-abandonment that the dramatic poet must show in his absorption in any one character can never be without a recognition or awareness that other souls are moving and suffering elsewhere, or that there are other depths of experience besides the intuition that for the moment appears to be all-engrossing. The manifold of the interplay of character in a tragedy cannot, therefore, be a series of intuitions in which sympathy is given and then withdrawn and given again somewhere else and again canceled. Neither Othello nor Iago is conceived alone. And though there must be a wonderful absorption of the writer now in the one and now in the other, the emotional tension by which it comes about cannot be of the kind that belongs to the one-sidedness of art. Comprehensiveness of vision does not vanish in the intensity or depth of emotion at any one point. There seems, therefore, to be a kind of dialectic of art from the point where it begins in the expression of a single, splendid point of view up to the most comprehensive range of Sophocles or Shakespeare.

But there is still another step to be taken. Just as the intuition of one great character in a play, or of one great chorus, is able to pass outside the narrowness of a merely lyrical emotion, the poet may still be unconscious of the meaning of the whole play. And this unconsciousness may pass into the consciousness of doubt or wonder why he should so find himself a passive agent in the hands of a

power outside himself. This sense of perplexity or awe may of course fall outside the true artistic intuition and belong to the man who reflects and not to the artist who feels, becoming simply a matter of unperplexed inquiry. But it is not to be assumed that it does so always. It is possible that any work of art as a whole may contain within itself the recognition of its own nature; and there seems at least good reason for leaving it an open question whether a great artistic intuition may not also be a profound act of recognition of the nature and place of art in human life, or of beauty in the order of the spiritual world.

But as there are many critical thinkers who would challenge the possibility of a movement in philosophy through which the mind should be able to overcome the opposition between itself and its object, there would be, and with at least equal reason, the same challenge thrown out by artists, or by certain minds possessing a deep sensibility for art, of the meaning that could be attributed to art into which knowledge or will might enter, not merely as an external motive or setting, but as an inner quality expressible only through beauty. Such critics would remind us that though the same vehicle which is used for reflective thinking can also, in another way, be used in prose or verse as one of the most remarkable forms of beauty, there is nevertheless a unique possibility of deception in taking this kind of art—which happens to bear the form of reflection—as a means of elucidating the character of beauty in general as it is, or is thought to be, in common to all the arts. For it is so easy to attribute to depth of thought the power of verse that moves us so deeply; and therefore to attribute truth where we are only justified in asserting beauty.

But architecture or the forms of mountains and the colors of the sunset or pure music are beautiful without being reflective; and is it not likely that poetry must be

beautiful in the same way, that its beauty makes itself felt either in spite of its apparent depth of thought, which only gives the power of illusion, or because the reflective thinking which we find in it is a mere accident and quite irrelevant to its beauty? Whether this be so or not—and it is probably not so—we should at least be safe in taking such forms of art as pure music and such forms of beauty as mountain and sunrise to be our guide when we try to say what beauty is, or to find its place within the spiritual order and what it signifies with respect to that order.

If, using the language of the *Timaeus*, we were to regard natural beauty as the artistic workmanship of God, it would, as art, be perfect in this respect that it reveals nothing of the personality, nothing of the purpose or design, of the creator. It would be a piece of self-expression of such purely esthetic quality that the intellect can find no ground within which to make a single judgment about the reason or character of its beauty. Even in music we can trace both resemblances and developments, and in so doing are able to link it up with other parts of life. Of some music, as we hear its several voices lament to each other while they yet cry after one another as though in mockery, we say that none but Bach would have made the parts move against each other just like that; and there is some music that while we listen to it makes us see the hills of Salzburg as though they were present to the eye of sense. But of nature we cannot say that the view over the Lake of Geneva in a summer's dawn of the valley of the Rhone and of the Dent du Midi is more characteristic of the Deity than the starry sky of Königsberg on a winter night, or even that God liked the Alps better than the soft green hills of the Scottish Lowlands. The intellect is powerless to make a single step in tracing the character of the workmanship back to the workman. And yet, the pure intuition of nature is not the intuition it asserts itself to be unless

it goes beyond itself and implies a reference to something other than itself that we are able to think only under the aspect of what we know as judgment and reflection. It is not that it is to give us knowledge or vision of some transcendent reality; only that it implies the reality and truth of something that is more than itself. And it is this linking-up of world to world, of life to life, of one experience to another that recalls us to mysticism and makes us ask if it does not belong to apprehension of natural beauty, and therefore also to art.

But music comes closest to this character of natural beauty in its escape from the sense of personality, with its bonds of purpose and design. And music has this great power in its freedom from realism and externalization, that it does not represent a spiritual ideal or strive after the thing aspired to, but is actually part and parcel of the soul's life itself. As expressing itself in time, and only in time, it is coincident with the flow of that life, and not coincident only, it really is that life. For a piece of sculpture may express repose, and a picture may express unrest. But music if it expresses repose must actually be repose, or if it express the reverse, must actually be agitation. Now, what is characteristic of mental life as something that changes and flows onward in time, is that whenever it reaches a level such as that of expressing personality or of revealing itself as individuality, it also presents a unity that does not conflict with its character of being in time but that quite overcomes the diversity of time as it appears in ordinary experience, and its nature of destruction, effacement or absorption in itself. In personality, and perhaps in other forms of individuality, this unity is only an implicit one, or a unity that is only to be experienced as an abstraction for the intellect. But in personality as felt, or making itself felt, and especially in higher forms of individual experience that differ in degree or kind from what are dis-

tinctly personal, the unity ceases to be merely implicit, and becomes a perception or an intuition.

There is an effort of the mind, or goal of the will, to transform change and decay into permanence of life, and it is one of admitted value on all sides. It has been proposed as the ideal of knowledge in the eternal character of the idea; as the object of the moral consciousness in the realization of eternal life through temporal experience; and it cannot be without significance for what we know as beauty. What poetry and architecture, as the "strong conquerors of the forgetfulness of man," can vaguely symbolize, music can not only symbolize but actually be. Mozart, it will be remembered, said that when he composed music he heard it in his mind as a whole and all the parts of it, as it were, simultaneously. This may either be an exaggeration or the feeling of a musical mind of an unusually high order. But there are many who in listening to music that they love are quite simply and naturally aware of something like the simultaneous apprehension of temporally separate parts. For the reality and familiarity of the experience they are not dependent on Mozart's word of honor. There may be other kinds of soul-life that give as profound intuitions of this kind as music does. But there are none that give it in such clear and unmistakable terms. There is here, therefore, something more than a mere symbolization, something that actually expresses what is or may be an essential quality of time; that actually reveals its true nature. It may or may not be right to say that it manifests something eternal, and of which time is after all but the expression. But it is an experience that is certainly real, and that must have some meaning. Again, it is essential to observe that this sense of rising above the mere flow and sequence of time belongs to the intuition which is beauty in musical art, and not the reflection about it. And though as beauty of sound it seems to have the

same sense of self—transcendence that was attributed to the beauty of the mountains, the sunset or the stars—it is only because, being part of life itself, it implies that all life is through and through of the same character and texture.

And if so, is it not here that we might look for the healing of what is undoubtedly the greatest cleavage in the spiritual world. It is true, indeed, that there seems to be no ground of inner harmony between what we esteem as goodness, truth and beauty; or at least that if there is, it seems to belong only to the pattern of the world that is laid up in heaven. And yet it is always taken for granted, and it is felt to be an approximation to the mark, that the demands made upon us by knowledge and through moral ideals conflict only at times, and as it were by accident; whereas those made upon us by the cultivation of the arts and the impartial recognition of beauty wherever we find it are too apt to stand either in aloofness or actual hostility over against our deep insight both in personal morality and social ideal. The flowering time of the arts, it has been said, when the main impulses to beauty are not for the sake of knowledge or religion or ethics but are motivated only for the sake of beauty itself, are also times of prevailing hardness of heart, and indifference to social well-being.

But if, within art itself, there lie the possibility of this mysticism or mystical movement which can perhaps only be indicated through a vague and shadowy analogy with mysticism in thought, those impulses and unreasoning instincts that present themselves as wholly unconscious and unwilling would take on a new character and a new light. In recognition of their nature or intuition of their purpose, on the intellectual side, or in acquiescence in them or in valuation of them, on the ethical, they would assume an altogether new relation to other parts of experience. There would be an ideal in the pursuit of art for its own sake or for the sake of beauty which, if it did not coincide, would

converge, with those intellectual or ethical motives that prove so fruitful and vital for the essential emotion of the artist. The true artist, and the lover of beauty, must always reach a plane of experience where no value appears capable of being placed beside the value of beauty as such. And this deep conviction they must somehow try to justify and set in relation to life as a whole.

Perhaps it is only a profounder and more elemental experience than any of these which we have taken as the main types of the life of the Spirit—science or philosophy or art—only in intimate converse of mind with mind, in friendship, or in love, that we are persuaded of the full meaning of the words, “He that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap Life Everlasting”; but there are many who could conceive no abiding reality of life that does not lead up to, and include, the sensuous passion of art.

J. M. THORBURN.

LONDON, ENGLAND.